

Bachelor Ballads



Set to Pictures -

By

Blanche McManus

OLD
WINE

OLD
BOOKS

OLD
FRIENDS

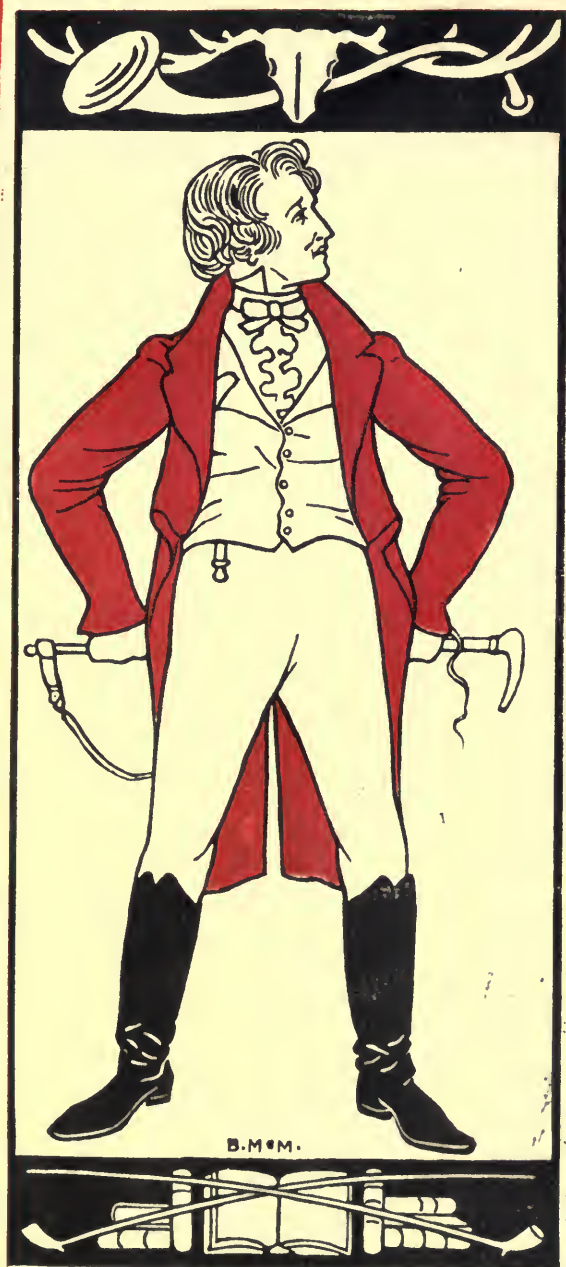


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BACHELOR BALLADS



BACHELOR BALLADS

Being Certain of the Masterpieces
of Verse; *Wherein is Set Forth* the
Sentiment of Good-Fellowship :

SET TO PICTURES BY
BLANCHE McMANUS : :



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GIVE ME THE OLD

GIVE ME THE OLD



*Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old
books to read, and old friends to converse with.*

OLD wine to drink!—

Ay, give me the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
 Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
 And ripened 'neath the blink
 Of India's sun!
 Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
 Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn !—
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
 And ravens croak ;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
 Dug 'neath the fern ;
 The knotted oak,
 A faggot too, perhap
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking ;
 While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read !—
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
 Time-honored tomes !
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
 The well-earned meed
 Of Oxford's domes :
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie ;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,

Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay !
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk !—
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found ;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk !
Bring Walter good :
With soulful Fred ; and learned Will,
And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
For every word.).

—ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER



THE MAHOGANY TREE

THE MAHOGANY TREE



CHRISTMAS is here ;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we ;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom ;
Night-birds are we ;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,

Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,—
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short,—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this ;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust !
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate :
Let the dog wait ;
Happy we'll be !
Drink, every one ;
Pile up the coals ;

Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree !

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid ?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up ;
Empty it yet ;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone !
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite ;
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree !

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY



THE BETROTHED.

THE BETROTHED.



YOU must choose between me and your cigar.

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie
and I are out.

We quarreled about Havanas—we fought o'er a
good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a
brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space ;
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on
Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving
lass,

But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest
of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a
Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and
thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and
brown—
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o'
the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and dour and
old—
With never another Maggie to purchase for love
or gold!

And the light of the Days that have Been, the
dark of the Days that Are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the
butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep
in your pocket—
With never a new one to light tho' its charred
and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box — let me consider a
while—

Here is a mild Manila—there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought
with a ring,

Or a harem of dusky beauties—fifty tied in a
string?

Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true
and tried,

And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival
bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of
woes,

Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my
eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in re-
turn,

With only a *Suttee's* passion—to do their duty
and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent
and dead,

Five times other fifties shall be my servants in-
stead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,
When they hear my harem is empty, will send
me my brides again.

I will take no heed for their raiment, nor food
for their mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the
showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I
temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who
read the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my
choice between
The wee little whimpering Love, and the great
god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a
twelvemonth clear,
But I have been priest of Partagas a matter of
seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked
with the cheery light

Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure
and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie
and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-
the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave
me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I
follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should
abandon *you*?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear
the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar
is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn
vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Mag-
gie for spouse!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

A SEAT FOR THREE

A SEAT FOR THREE



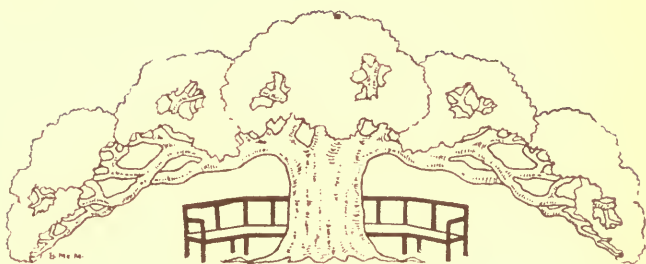
Written on the panets of a settle.

“A SEAT for three, where host and guest
May side-by-side pass toast or jest ;
And be their number two or three,
With elbow-room and liberty,
What need to wander east or west ?

“A book for thought, a nook for rest
And meet for fasting or for fest,
In fair and equal parts to be
A seat for three.

“Then give you pleasant company,
For youth or elder shady tree;
A roof for council or sequest,
A corner in a homely nest ;
Free, equal, and fraternally
A seat for three.”

—WALTER CRANE



A HUNTING WE WILL GO

A HUNTING WE WILL GO



THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn :
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, to make him stay ;
“ My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows ;
You cannot hunt to day.”
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch ;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out.
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard, now, like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale ;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry ;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky.
When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare them for the chase ;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace.
When a hunting we do go.

—HENRY FIELDING.



LET THE TOAST PASS

LET THE TOAST PASS



HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;
Here's to the widow of fifty ;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir ;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow ;
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry ;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

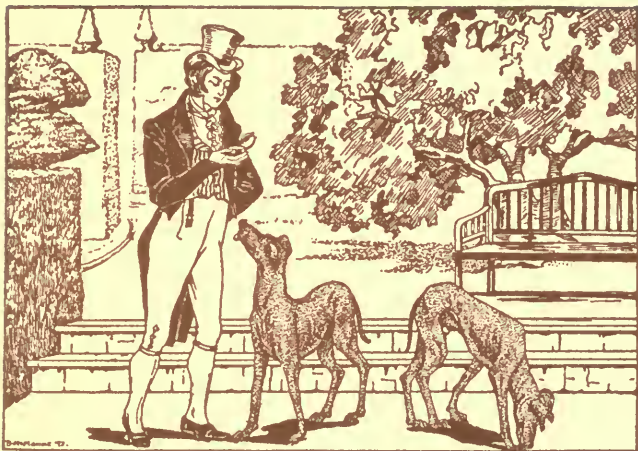
For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

—*The School for Scandal.*



TO CELIA

TO CELIA



*From the Greek of Philostratus
Translation of Ben Jonson*

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,

As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.



THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE



A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve de petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields ;
And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case—
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo ;
Green herbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace ;

All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 't is ;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is ?
Yes, here the lamp is as before ;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able ?
I recollect his droll grimace ;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you like your Bouillabaisse.

We enter ; nothing's changed or older.
" How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray ? "
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulders ;—
" Monsieur is dead this many a day."
" It is the lot of saint and sinner.
So honest Terré's run his race ! "

“What will Monsieur require for dinner?”

“Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?”

“Oh, oui, Monsieur,” ’s the waiter’s answer;

“Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?”

“Tell me a good one.” “That I can, sir;

The Chambertin with yellow seal.”

“So Terré’s gone,” I say, and sink in

My old accustomed corner-place;

“He’s done with feasting and wine drinking,

With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.”

My old accustomed corner here is—

The table still is in the nook;

Ah! vanished many a busy year is,

This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,

I’d scarce a beard upon my face,

And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,

I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty

Of early days, here met to dine?

Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—

I’ll pledge them in the good old wine.

The kind old voices and old faces

My memory can quick retrace;

Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage ;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet ;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage ;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette ;
On James' head the grass is growing :
Good Lord ! the world has wagged apace
Since here we sat the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.
—There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes ;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is ;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY



A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA



A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like an eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

“ O for a soft and gentle wind ! ”
I hear a fair one cry ;
But give me to the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,—

The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners, .
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free,—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM



HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?



HOW stands the glass around?
For shame ye take no care, my boys;
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound;
The colors they are flying, boys.
To fight, kill or wound,
May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?

Whose business 'tis to die !
What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !
'Tis he, you or I !
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys—
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain :
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain !
But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cure all again.

—ANONYMOUS



THE BACHELOR'S DREAM

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM



MY pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtains drawn and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!

Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her.
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll,
A monkey, too, what work he made!
The sister introduced a beau.
My Susan brought a favorite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christened Gog,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit, the parrot screamed,
All day the sister strummed and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learned to use her tongue;

Her mother had such wretched health,
She sat and croaked like any frog,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubbed and huffed,
She could not bear that Mister Blogg,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song;
The sister took a sister's part;
The maid declared her master wrong;

The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

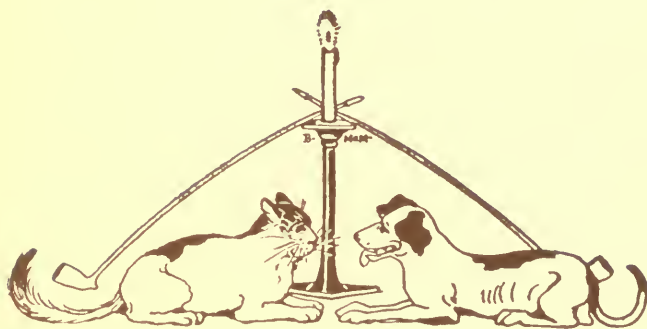
My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end;
I never had a decent coat,
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug,
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?—

If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog,—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

—THOMAS HOOD



AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

AT AN INN AT HENLEY.



TO thee, fair Freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din ;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

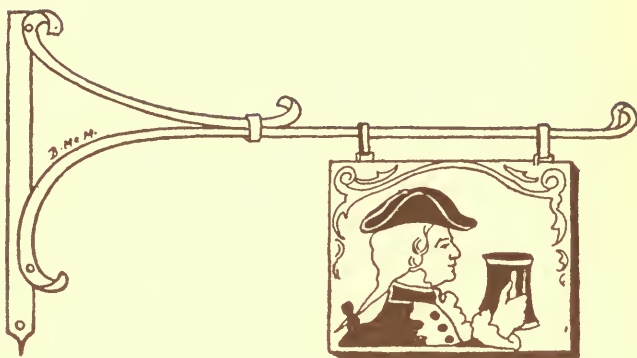
'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne :
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin ;
Freedom I love and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win ;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.



WREATHE THE BOWL.

WREATHE THE BOWL.



WREATHE the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us ;
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
 No danger fear
 While wine is near—
We'll drown him if he stings us.
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;

We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
And man may brew
His nectar too ;
The rich receipt's as follows :—
Take wine like this ;
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended ;
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid !
So wreathe the bowl,
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew
Runs brisker through,

And sparkles far more brightly ?
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever !
 Then wreathe the bowl,
 With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ?
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

—THOMAS MOORE



THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.



Devereux Farm, near Marblehead.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The lighthouse—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room ;
Our faces faded from the sight,—
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark ;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

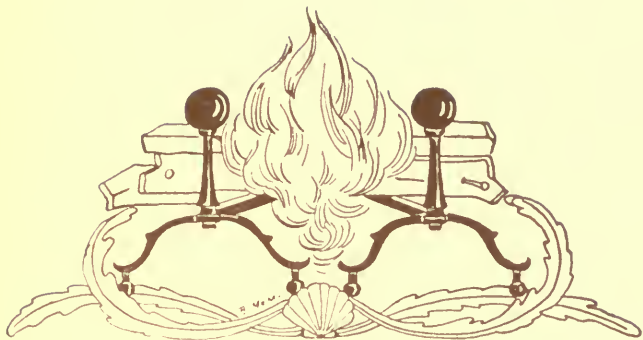
And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—
The ocean roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames,—
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !
They were indeed too much akin,—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.



FILL the bumper fair
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,

And bring down its ray
From the starred dominions :—
So we, sages, sit
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us :

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in.—
But oh his joy, when, round
The halls of heaven spying
Among the stars, he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying !

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,

With which the sparks of soul
Mixed their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us ;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the Bumper Fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the Brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

—THOMAS MOORE



A RECIPE FOR A SALAD

A RECIPE FOR A SALAD



TO make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled
eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen
sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca brown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss

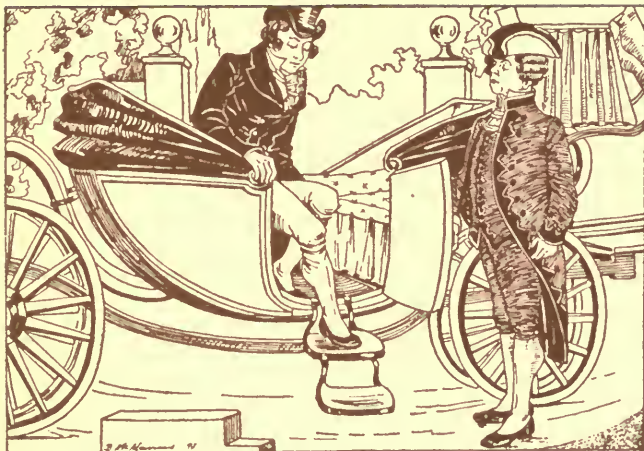
A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
O, green and glorious ! O herbaceous treat !
'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat :
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl !
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
" Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

SIDNEY SMITH.



THE WANTS OF MAN

THE WANTS OF MAN



“**M**AN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

’Tis not with *me* exactly so ;

But ’tis so in the song.

My wants are many and, if told,

Would muster many a score ;

And were each wish a mint of gold,

I still should long for more,

What first I want is daily bread—

And canvas-backs—and wine—

And all the realms of nature spread

Before me, where I dine.

Four courses scarcely can provide

My appetite to quell ;

With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire :
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silk for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussel's lace
My bosom's front to deck,—
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want ?) a wife,—
Affectionate and fair ;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,—
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas ! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave ?)

That all the girls be chaste and fair,—
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour ;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power,—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see ;
And that my friendship prove as strong
To him as his to me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command ;
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human-kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim

In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man*,—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great *Want*—absorbing all—
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The *Mercy* of my *God*.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



THE ANGLER'S WISH

THE ANGLER'S WISH



I IN these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty : please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers ;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song :
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest :
Here, give my weary spirits rest,

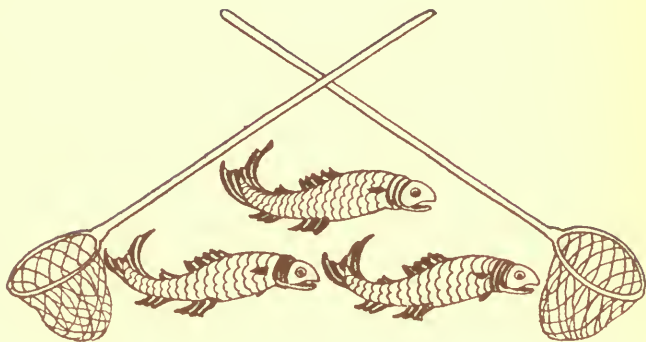
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.

Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice ;

Or with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
There sit by him, and eat my meat ;
There see the sun both rise and set ;
There bid good morning to next day ;
There meditate my time away ;

And angle on ; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

—IZAAB WALTON



THE RIM OF THE BOWL.

THE RIM OF THE BOWL



I SAT 'mid the flickering lights, when all the
guests had departed,
Alone at the head of the table, and dreamed
of the days that were gone ;
Neither asleep nor waking, nor sad nor cheery-
hearted—
But passive as a leaf by the mild November
blown.
I thought—if thinking 'twere, when thoughts
were dimmer than shadows—
And toyed the while with the music I drew
from the rim of the bowl,
Passive, my fingers round, as if my will com-
pelled it
To answer my shapeless dreams, as soul
might answer soul.

Idle I was, and listless ; but melody and fancy
 Came out of that tremendous dulcimer, as
 my hand around it strayed ;
The rim was a magic circle, and mine was the
 necromancy
 That summoned its secrets forth, to take
 the forms I bade.
Secrets ! ay ! buried secrets, forgotten for twenty
 summers,
 But living anew in the odors of the roses
 at the board ;
Secrets of Truth and Passion, and the days of
 Life's unreason ;
 Perhaps not at all atoned for, in the judgments of the Lord.

Secrets that still shall slumber, for I will not
 bare my bosom
 To the gaze of the heartless, prying, incon-
 scionable crowd,
That would like to know, I doubt not, how
 much I have sinned and suffered,
 And drag me down to its level—because it
 would humble the proud.
Beautiful spirits they were, that danced on the
 rim at my bidding :
 Spirits of Joy or Sadness, in their brief
 sweet summer day ;

Spirits that aye possess me, and keep me if I
 wander,
 In the line of the straight, and the flower of
 the fruitful way.

Spirits of women and children—spirits of friends
 departed—

 Spirits of dear companions that have gone
 to the levelling tomb,

Hallowed forever and ever with the sanctity
 of sorrow,

 And the aureole of death that crowns them
 in the gloom.

Spirits of Hope and Faith, and one supremely
 lovely,

 That sang to me years ago, when I was a
 little child,

And sported at her footstool or lay upon her
 bosom,

 And gazed at the love that dazzled me,
 from her eyes so soft and mild.

And that song from the rim of the bowl came
 sounding and sounding ever—

 As oft it had done before in the toil and
 moil of life ;

A song nor sad nor merry, but low and sweet
 and plaintive ;

A clarion blast in sorrow ; an anodyne in
 strife ;
A song like a ray of moonlight that gleams
 athwart a tempest.
 Sound ever, O Song ! sound sweetly,
 whether I live or die,
My guardian, my adviser, my comforter, my
 comrade,
A voice from the sinless regions—a message
 from the sky !

—CHARLES MACKAY



A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.



MAY the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word—perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, Great Plant !
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate ;
For I hate, yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,

And the passion to proceed
More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine ;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women : thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the laboring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us,
While each man, through thy heightening steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem ;
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for these allowed features
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to free Chimeras,

Monsters that, who see us, fear us ;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle ?
Some few vapors thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant : only thou
His true Indian conquest art ,
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume ;

Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain :
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys
Or for greener damsels meant ;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison ;
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,

Plant divine, of rarest virtue :
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee ;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee ;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike
They borrow language of dislike ;

And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;
Friendly Traitress, loving Foe,
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.
For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee :

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain ;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys ;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odors, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's wife ;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces ;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

—CHARLES LAMB.



A GOLDEN GIRL.

A GOLDEN GIRL.



LUCY is a golden girl ;
But a man, a man should woo her !
They who seek her shrink aback,
When they should, like storms, pursue her.

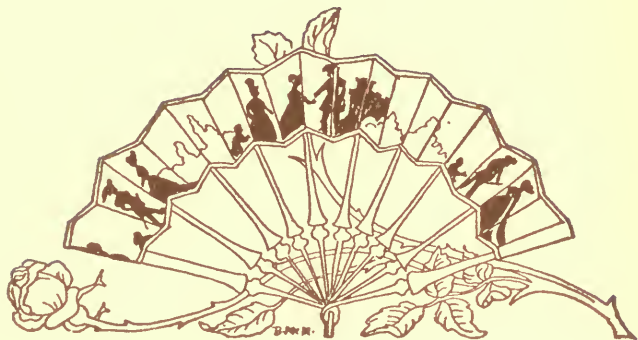
All her smiles are hid in light ;
All her hair is lost in splendor ;
But she hath the eyes of night
And a heart that's over-tender.

Yet the foolish suitors fly
(Is 't excess of dread or duty ?)
From the starlight of her eye,
Leaving to neglect her beauty !

Men by fifty seasons taught,
Leave her to a young beginner,
Who, without a second thought,
Whispers, woos, and straight must win her.

Lucy is a golden girl !
Toast her in a goblet brimming !
May the man that wins her wear
On his heart the Rose of Women !

—BARRY CORNWALL.



JOHN BARLEYCORN.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.



THERE was three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His color sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age :
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.



QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldling's sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glossing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery,
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty ;

Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals ! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow ?
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may
 shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make ;
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance ;
 Nor wars are seen,
 Unless upon the green,
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;
 And wounds are never found,
 Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

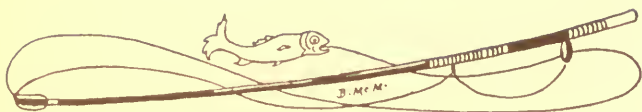
Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to too hasty fates ;
 Unless it be
 The fond credulity

Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook ;
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek ;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass ;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, O, may you be
Forever mirth's best nursery !
May pure contents
Forever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

—SIR HENRY WOTTON.



THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

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THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.



IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure ;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes
from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all
crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed ;
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see ;
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn :
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and
the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and
old times ;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There is one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that 's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd
chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high shoulder'd, worm-eaten
seat,

With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd
old arms!

I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wished myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloom'd in my cane-
bottom'd chair.

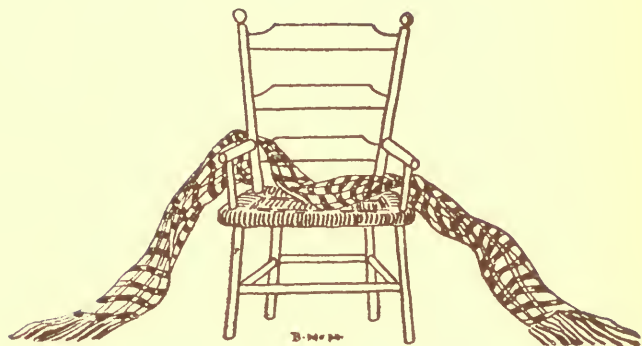
And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd
chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's
gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—

I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



HUNTING SONG.

HUNTING SONG.



WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear !
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they :—
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

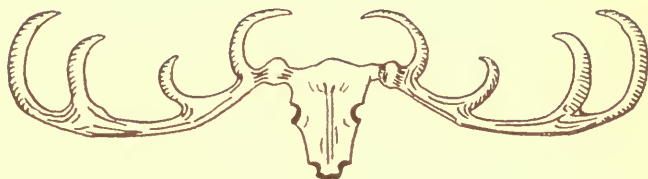
Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been,

To track the buck in thickets green ;
Now we come to chant our lay :—
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd :
You shall see him brought to bay :—
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk :
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT



DRINKING SONG.

DRINKING SONG.



Inscription for an Antique Pitcher.

COME, old friend ! sit down and listen !
From the pitcher, placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal

As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'er zealous rigor,
Much this mystic throng expresses ;
Bacchus was the type of vigor,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken ;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chanted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic fables ;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen !
As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



DEDICATION.

DEDICATION.



AS one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and
hearkens ·

So walking here in twilight, O my friends !
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown !
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be
spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land ;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces.

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and
semblance ;
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
But live forever young in my remembrance.

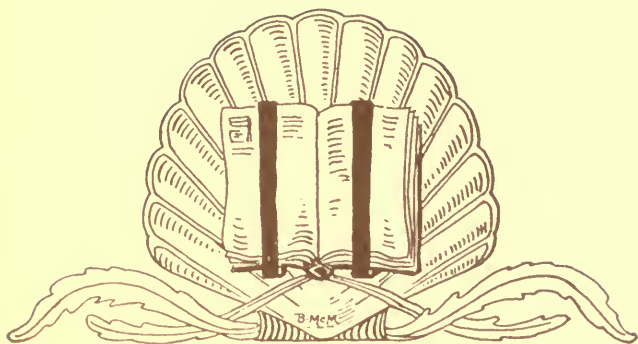
Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away,
Your gentle voices will flow on forever,
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being oftimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion ;
Not interrupting with intrusive talk
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are
lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



THE TABLES TURNED.

THE TABLES TURNED.



Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow,
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
He, too, is no mean preacher :
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings ;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
Close up those barren leaves ;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

—WILLIAM WADSWORTH.



AULD LANG SYNE.

AULD LANG SYNE.



SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gi'es a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

—ROBERT BURNS





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